

English Edition No.

A Foreign Publication

# ROCKY LANE

Recreating the Western Movie

## WESTERN



Volume 1  
Issue 1  
1997

THE NEW WESTERN  
THE NEW WESTERN  
THE NEW WESTERN  
THE NEW WESTERN  
THE NEW WESTERN

# ROCKY LANE

takes to the air!

THE MILD "ROCKY" LANE, THUNDER OVERDOY star, in Republic's wide-open new frontier bandit story of Texas set your local theaters.

WE'LL GET THROUGH WITH THE PAYROLL... LET'S GO BLACK JACK!

**WANTED FOR MURDER**

**DOG FACE MOONEY**  
PAYROLL BANDIT

GET THE PAYROLL IN MY SADDLE BAG—AN EXTRA CANNON MOUNTED UNDER MY BELT! WATCH THAT HAZARD BRIDGE, BOY!

DYNAMITE'S ALL SET, DOG FACE! WE'LL BLOW THEM AND THE BRIDGE AWAY WITH IT!

AND CATCH THE PAYROLL ON THE WAY DOWN!

THAT SHE BLOWN! NOW TO GET THE PAYROLL!

BUT SOMEBODY BANGS, ROCKY! PULL UP, LANDS THE TREE—AND MOVES THROUGH THE THICK AIR!

THAT'S BLACK JACK! YOU CAN MAKE IT AGORE, I'LL TAKE THE HIGH ROAD!

THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU TWO! MAN, YOU NEED CARNATION MALTED MILK POWDER FOR THIS FLYING TRAPPEE WORK!

YIPPEE! HERE'S ROCKY LANE! HE CAPTURED THE OUTLAWS AND SAVED THE PAYROLL!

WANT ONLY THE PAYROLL? I HAD MY JAR OF CARNATION MALTED IN MY SADDLE BAG, TOO!



TWO FLAVORS:  
Chocolate and Natural  
In Duffly Sifts, Jars.

IT'S A GRAND-TASTIN, MUSCLE-MAKIN' DRINK, PARTNERS! YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN LIKE I DO! JUST GET YOUR MOM TO BUY A JAR OF CARNATION MALTED TODAY FROM YOUR GROCER. PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE!



## ROCKY LANE WESTERN

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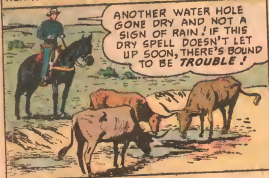
## in HOT-IRON ARTISTS

# Rocky Lane



**R**USTLING BY SHEER MAGIC—WITH THE VERY FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER IN REVERSE. SUCH IS THE INCREDIBLE WEB OF CIRCUMSTANCE THAT SENDS THE INDOMITABLE **ROCKY LANE** THUNDERING THRU A HAZE OF GUN-SMOKE, PITTING RAW COURAGE AND SIX-GUN SAVVY AGAINST THE DEADLY WIZARDRY OF THE **HOT-IRON ARTISTS!**

**W**E FIND ROCKY LANE, FEARLESS YOUNG UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, AT A DRY WATER HOLE AS A MERGILESS DROUGHT GRIPS THE HEART OF THE GREAT RANGE LANDS.....



ANOTHER WATER HOLE GONE DRY AND NOT A SIGN OF RAIN! IF THIS DRY SPELL DOESN'T LET UP SOON, THERE'S BOUND TO BE TROUBLE!

WHEN WATER IS SCARCE AND THEIR CATTLE ARE DYING OF THIRST, FOLKS DON'T RESPECT WATER RIGHTS AND ARE APT TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY OF GETTING THEIR CRITTERS TO WATER... BY HOOK OR BY CROOK!



RECKON WE'D BETTER STAY AROUND THESE PARTS FOR A WHILE IF TROUBLE BREAKS OUT... I AIM TO BE AROUND!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN, Jan., 1950, Vol. 2, No. 9, is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter Feb. 24, 1949, at the post office, Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Louisville, Ky. Copyright 1949 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Trademark of Fawcett Publications, Inc. Editorial and advertising offices, 67 W. 44th St., N. Y. 18, N. Y. Send remittances and letters concerning subscriptions, change of address, etc., to Circulation Dept., Fawcett Pl., Greenwich, Conn. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U. S., possessions and Canada Foreign, \$1.70 in international money order, U. S. funds. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in U. S. A.

WHILE NOT FAR AWAY, BRONC BROMLEY, SUN-BLINDING BOSS OF THE FLYING M, LOOKS OVER HIS SPREAD'S ONE WATER-HOLE....

LOOK, BRONC! THE WATER HOLE'S GONE PLUMB DRY! THE CRITTERS'LL START DROPPING LIKE FLIES FROM THIRST UNLESS WE SIT 'EM TO WATER MIGHTY FRONT!

YEAH, AND TOD WESTON'S GOT THE ONLY NEVER-FAILIN' SPRING IN THESE PARTS!



ARE YOU SORNA BUY WATER RIGHTS FROM WESTON TO SEE YOU THRU THE DRY SPELL, BRONC?

LET ME FIGURE / HMM / IF I COULD GIT THE BAR 2 AWAY FROM WESTON, OUR TROUBLE'D BE OVER / IT'S GIVE US THE ONLY WATER IN THESE PARTS... WHICH'S GVE A CHANCE TO SQUEAK OUT THE OTHER SPREADS!



I'VE GOT IT! C'MON BACK TO THE RANCH HOUSE! WE'LL LAY OUR PLANS BACK THERE!

HAW! LEAVE IT TO BRONC TO FIGURE SOME WAY OF SLICKIN' WESTON OUTTA THE BAR X SPREAD!



YOU SORNA GIT OVER TO THE BURNHOUSE! I'LL JOIN YOU THAR IN A MINUTE!

RIGHT, BRONC!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE BURNHOUSE.....

EXCUSE M-ME, GENTLEMEN! C-CAN YOU USE ANOTHER COWBOY?

WHY? MAKE TACKS, TENDERFOOT, BEFORE I PLUMB VENTILATE YOU! YOU FIXIN' TO SCARE THE COWS OUT OF THEIR HOSES IN THAT SET-UP?



HON! AIT'S BRONC!

HAW, HAW! RECKON IF THIS GIT'LL FOOL YOU BOYS, I'LL FOOL WESTON OVER AT THE BAR X!



I'M SORNA DROP IN ON WESTON IN THIS DISGUISE POSING AS A TENDERFOOT CATTLE BUYER... TO LAY THE FOUNDATION FER OUR SWINDLE!

WHAT ARE YOU FIXIN' TO DO?



IT'S SIMPLE! POSIN' AS A CATTLE BUYER, I'LL OFFER TO BUY UP MORE CATTLE THAN WESTON CAN SUPPLY... AT A BIG PROFIT TO HIM!

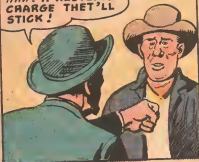


# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THEN I'LL TAKE OFF MY DISGUISE AND DROP IN ON HIM AGAIN! WHEN HE GITS AROUND TO THE SUBJECT, I'LL OFFER TO GIVE HIM FIVE HUNDRED HEAD OF CATTLE, ENUF TO FILL THE PHONY ORDER-- FOR A NOTE ON HIS SPREAD!



IN THAT WAY, THE CATTLE WE LEND HIM'LL BE GETTING PLENTY OF FREE WATER AND BY THE TIME HIS NOTE COMES DUE, WE'LL HAVE THE CATTLE RUSTLED BACK AND WE'LL NOT ONLY FORECLOSE ON HIS RANCH BUT PIN A RUSTLING CHARGE ON HIM! A RUSTLING CHARGE THEY'LL STICK!



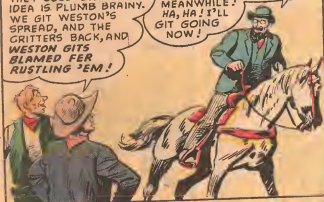
THEY'S ALL MIGHTY SLICK, BUT HOW'RE WE GONNA RUSTLE THEM CRITTERS BACK AND PIN A RUSTLING CHARGE ON WESTON?

HAH! THEY'S PLUMB EASY! I'LL OFFER TO SLAP THE BAR X BRAND ON THE HERD BEFORE I DELIVER 'EM! THEY'LL BE BRAND-ED ALL RIGHT--- COLD BRANDED!



DOGGONED, BRONG, THEY COLD-BRANDING IDEA IS PLUMB BRAINY. WE GIT WESTON'S SPREAD, AND THE CRITTERS BACK, AND WESTON GITS BLAMED FER RUSTLING 'EM!

AND THE CRITTERS GIT PLENTY OF GOOD WATER MEANWHILE! HA, HA! I'LL GIT GOING NOW!



A FEW HOURS LATER, AFTER VISITING WESTON OF THE BAR X RANCH----

HYAR COMES BRONG NOW, BACK FROM THE BAR X!

HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT, BRONG?

FINE! HA, HA! I'VE GOT 'IM PLUMB ON THE HOOK!



GIT READY TO RIDE, BOYS! SOON AS I GIT SHED OF THIS DISGUISE, WE'RE GOING TO PAY WESTON ANOTHER VISIT!

YOU SHORE AIN'T LETTING NO GRASS GROW UNDER YORE FEET, BRONG!



THAR'S WESTON NOW! I'LL DO THE TALKING!

RIGHT, BOSS!



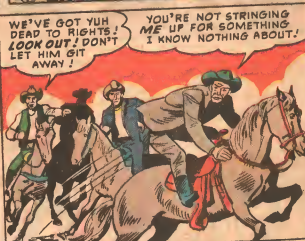
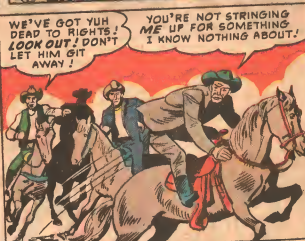
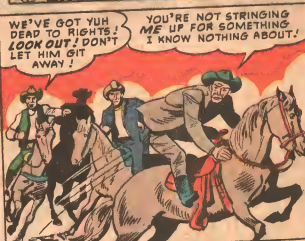
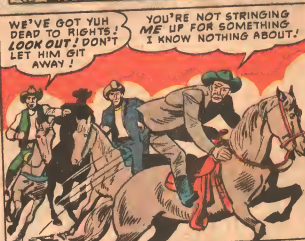
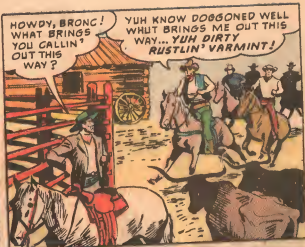
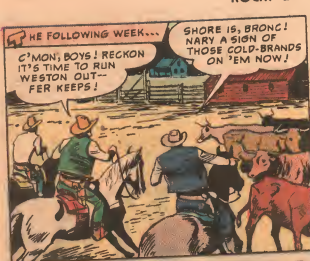
HOWDY, BRONG! WHAT BRINGS YOU THIS WAY?

THE DRY SPELL HAS HIT MY HERD HARD. MY WATER HOLE'S GONE DRY, I RECKONED YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN BUYING SOME OF THE CRITTERS, SEEING AS HOW YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF WATER FER 'EM!





# ROCKY LANE WESTERN





# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



NOT SO FAST, STRANGER!  
I'M NOT LETTING YOU  
GET AWAY  
EITHER!



THIS NUMBER EIGHT  
ROOSE'LL HOLD YOU  
AND YOUR BROWN  
TILL I FIND OUT  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON HERE!

WE GOT HIM DEAD TO  
RIGHTS EMBLUN' COWS  
AND WE AIM TO STING  
'IM UP, STRANGER!



AND I AIM TO SEE THAT YOU  
DON'T STRING ANYONE UP!  
I'M TURNING HIM OVER TO  
THE SHERIFF FOR A  
FAIR TRIAL  
ACCORDING TO LAW AND  
ORDER!

I'M INNOCENT—  
I SWEAR IT!



YOU CAN TELL ME  
ABOUT IT ON THE  
WAY TO JAIL, MISTER!  
GET GOING!

ALL RIGHT, STRANGER!  
I'LL TELL YOU EVERY-  
THING I KNOW BUT  
IT DIDN'T MUCH...

**A**S ROCKY LANE LISTENS TO  
THE STRANGE TALE, HE IS  
IMPRESSED BY WESTON'S  
STRAIGHTFORWARD MANNER...

...AND THAT'S THE  
WHOLE STORY OF  
MY DEALINGS WITH  
BROWN BROWLEY!  
IF THOSE COWS  
ARE HIS, WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
MINE?

MMM!  
RECKON  
THIS IS  
GOING TO  
TAKE A BIT  
OF LOOKING  
INTO!

AWAY, BLACK JACK! I AIM TO  
LOOK OVER THE BAR X RANGE  
WHERE THOSE RUSTLED CATTLE  
WERE FOUND AND THE OTHERS  
DISAPPEARED FROM!



COUNTY  
JAIL

IF ANY RUSTLING WAS DONE  
ON THAT LARGE A SCALE,  
THERE'D SURE BE SIGNS  
OF IT AND I'D BE BOUND  
TO SEE THEM, BUT I  
DON'T!





# ROCKY LANE WESTERN





**A**S THE LIMP, HELPLESS FIGURE OF ROCKY LANE SWAYS AND TOPPLES TO CERTAIN DOOM, A GREAT BLACK STALLION'S INTELLIGENT EYES CLOSE WITH PITY...



**AND** BLACK JACK JOES BLAZING INTO ACTION IN RESCUE OF HIS BELOVED MASTER!



**W**ITH A MIGHTY SURGE OF SPEED THE GREAT STALLION LEAPS FORWARD, CLAMPS THE STIRRUP STRAP IN HIS STRONG WHITE TEETH AND DRACES HIS POWERFUL BODY...



GOOD BOY, BLACK JACK, OLD PARD! YOU DID IT AGAIN! WHEN THAT WAS A MIGHTY GROSS SHAVE!



AWAY, BLACK JACK! I THINK I'VE GOT THE ANSWER TO ALL THIS BUT BEFORE I CALL A SHOW-BOW I WANT TO ASK WICHON ONE QUESTION!



HOWDY, SHERIFF! I WANT TO SEE WESTON AND IF A HUNCH I'VE GOT WORKS OUT, YOU'D BETTER BE READY TO RIDE!

SOUNDS AS IF YOU'VE GOT MORE'N A HUNCH ON YORE MIND, ROCKY, BUT I'M READY TUH STRING ALONG WITH YOU!

WHO BRANDED THOSE GATTLE YOU GOT FROM BRONG BROMLEY'S FLYING M RANGH, WESTON?

WHY, HE DID!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! LET'S GO, SHERIFF, AND YOU, TOO, WESTON! WE'VE GOT A PASSEL OF CROOKS TO ROUND UP! BY THE WAY, SHERIFF, BETTER BRING ALONG A RAZOR!

A RAZOR?



I'LL BE DANGED IF I KIN MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OF ALL THIS, ROCKY! IT'S GOT ME PLUMB PUZZLED!

YOU WILL IN A FEW MINUTES! THERE'S BRONG AND HIS MEN IN THE CORRAL UP AHEAD! RECKON YOU'D BETTER LET ME HANDLE 'EM!

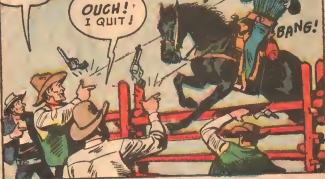
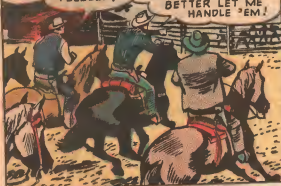
ROCKY LANE... BACK FROM THE DEAD!

FOR A SHOWDOWN! DROP THOSE GUNS-- YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

OUCH! I QUIT!

BANG!

BANG!

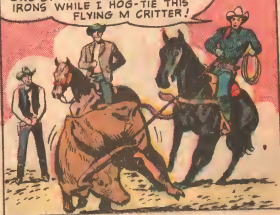


YUH CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING!

THE CHARGE IS RUSTLING, BRONG, AND I AIM TO MAKE IT STICK!

GIT YORE HANDS OUT!

IN THE INTERESTS OF JUSTICE, I'LL PROVE MY CHARGE! GET A BRANDING FIRE STARTED AND FETCH ME ONE OF THOSE BAR X BRANDING IRONS WHILE I HOG-TIE THIS FLYING M CRITTER!



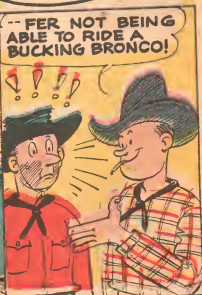
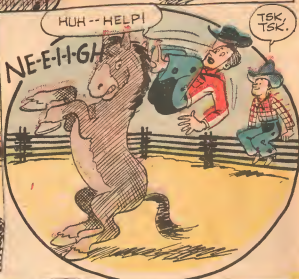
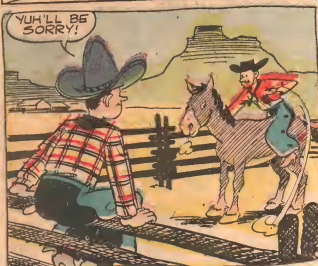
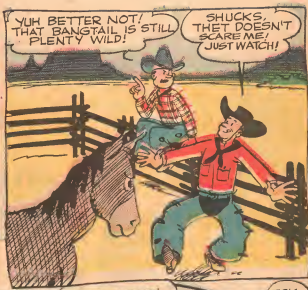
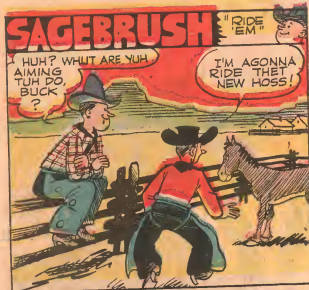


**SPECIAL OFFER**

**YOU ... CAN GET**  
**ROCKY'S** ROMANTIC  
 WITH "BLACK JACK" ACCOMPANED  
 TO YOU PERSONALLY!  
 SEND FOR IT TODAY!!

Includes THE COUCH AND SEE FOR  
 ONE LARAMIE PHOTO OF ROCKY LANE  
 "BLACK JACK" ACCOMPANED TO YOU  
 PERSONALLY.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_  
 (If you want 5 LARAMIE photos on "Rocky"  
 and "Black Jack" all accompanied to you  
 for PERSONALITY \$4.00) \$3.00  
 ADDRESS: ROCKY LANE  
 10000 NORTH AVENUE, WYOMING  
 NORTH WYOMING, WYOMING





**QUICK!**



**CRUNCHY!**



**DELICIOUS!**

# Rice Krispies Marshmallow Squares

KIDS! YOU MAKE 'EM-  
MIX 'EM FAST!  
MAKE A LOT  
'CAUSE THEY DON'T LAST!



*Kids... Make  
this 'Quickie' Candy*

**RICE KRISPIES MARSHMALLOW SQUARES**  
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD "GOODIE" IS,  
UNTIL YOU TASTE 'EM!

1... Cook together over  
low water:

- 1/2 cup butter or  
margarine
- 1 lb. marshmallows  
(about 26 pcs.)

When syrupy, add  
and beat in:

- 4 teaspoon vanilla



2... let it gizzled large  
ball, press:

- 1 box Kellogg's Rice  
Krispies (1 1/2 oz.)
- Add marshmallow  
mixture. Mix well.

3... Press mixture into  
greased shallow pan.  
Cool. Cut in 2 1/2"  
squares... 24  
crunchy pieces from  
8" x 12" pan



4... Top as per break-  
fast cereal, always!

Tell mom how you  
go for Kellogg's Rice  
Krispies! It's fun to  
hear 'em snap-  
crackle-pop in milk!  
And a great way to  
start a happy day!

**Kellogg's**  
**RICE**  
**KRISPIES**

*Kellogg's*  
**MOTHER KNOWS BEST!**

\* Rice Krispies is a trademark (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)  
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# MAN OF COURAGE

By Clement Good



**J**AKE PURLY walked up the middle of the dusty street. His figure was striking. Man or woman whose eyes rested on him would set him out as an unusual man, a remarkable man. He wore a milk-white hat, a blazing scarlet neckerchief and a sky-blue shirt.

But it was not alone his colorful costume that made Jake stand out. His back was stiff, his shoulders straight, more in the manner of a soldier than the round-shouldered, slouching posture of the average cowboy. And his whole being, his firm step, the tilt of his head, exuded a jaunty courage.

And it required courage of a high order for Jake Purly to stride thus in his flamboyant costume through the main street of this town. "What a target he'd make!" somebody remarked.

Jake knew the truth of that. In his heart he realized that at the very moment his broad, blue-shirted back might very well be the focal point of a rifle sight; a rifle nosed over the edge of a rooftop, perhaps.

His careless air gave no hint of what was in his heart. "A man who has to creep and cringe and crawl because he's afraid of coyotes, isn't half a man," he had often said. "I'd rather be dead than scared."

Jake had more than his share of enemies. They were a great tribute to his character. For they were all men of shady occupation; gunmen, tinhorn gamblers, highwaymen and assorted cheats and criminals. Jake, though not a lawman, was definitely on the side of the law. His keen brain and blazing guns had shattered more than one bogus business enterprise.

Snout Morrison, watching through a crack in a drawn window blind, cursed softly as he followed the progress of the milk-white hat down the street. His teeth ground viciously on the long, slim, black cigar so that he ruined it. He threw the cigar to the floor and ground it under foot.

"Jake Purly, the meddler," he thought. "He ran me out of one town. Why does he have to show up here now, just when my gambling

house is going good? Well, he won't ruin me again!"

Snout raised his rifle. He had moved the window shade just a crack; just enough to permit the gun barrel to peep through. He fixed the sight on the sky-blue shirt. The muscle in his trigger-finger tightened.

But he didn't squeeze. He drew away from the window and set down the gun. His knees were weak. He sat on the edge of the bed, it's springs squeaking under his weight. As he took another cigar from his long, silver case, he found his fingers trembling so that he had trouble lighting the black panatella.

"Arrogant sidewinder!" he muttered. "Strutting down Main Street in his glad rags! Seems like he was daring me to shoot him! Seems like he *knew* I wouldn't dare!"

Snout was angry with himself that for some inexplicable reason he hadn't finished off Jake when opportunity offered. Yet underneath, he felt a sense of relief that he hadn't fired. There was always the chance of discovery. Jake Purly had friends. And even many shady men didn't toady to the idea of a slug in the back.

"He's got to be killed, but it should look like an accident," thought Snout. And almost at once a great idea came to him. He would take advantage of Jake's well-known courage to create the perfect accident.

**B**EING husky, Snout had little trouble loading the keg of gunpowder into the wagon. He attached a long fuse. Then he covered the whole thing with a piece of canvas. Two fast horses were hitched and he headed them in the right direction.

He climbed on the wagon, puffed hard on his long, black cigar to make the end glow, then held it to the fuse. He nipped the panatella from his hand, leaped from the wagon, and gave the horses a sharp whiplash. They plunged forward.

"Runaway! Runaway!" bellowed Snout.

He leaped on his own horse to follow, but at a safe distance.



The team plunged toward the Main Street business district, the wagon careening after them. Bystanders who had heard the cry of "Runaway!" took up the shout. Women and children ran screaming for the board sidewalk.

Snout watched with satisfaction as a tall figure in a milk-white hat raced out of the post office and ran toward the charging team. "It's working just like I planned!" thought Snout. He saw Jake leaping to one of the horses.

"By the time he gets them slowed down, they'll be well out of town. Then boom!" chuckled Snout. "Nothing left of that meddler but a tattered red handkerchief. And no evidence as to who did it!"

Snout dismounted and stepped to the middle of the street to improve his view.

Jake was better and faster with horses than Snout had realized. In a matter of seconds he had the team slowed to a walk. He quickly moved from the mare's broad back to the wagon seat, flicked the reins, and turned the team.

Snout was so surprised he was stunned into momentary inaction. With mouth agape he saw the wagon "with its keg of gunpowder heading his way.

A scream escaped his lips before he started running wildly. He was so scared he forgot about his horse, standing just a few feet away.

Jake Purly urged the team on to greater speed, shouting at the fleeing figure. "Hey, Snout Morrison! Wait up! I'm returning your runaway team to you."

"No, no!" panted the running Snout. "They're not mine. Take them away. Turn around!"

"I'm sure it's your team," yelled Jake. "I wouldn't want you to think I was a thief like some people."

Snout was red-faced, perspiring. His breath came in gasps as his running feet made little dust puffs in the road.

"If you're in such a hurry, Snout, you might as well get up here and ride," said Jake. "No use to wear yourself all out running like that."

With a deft movement of his strong arms

he leaped from the wagon seat, grasped Snout firmly by the shoulders, and lifted the big man up beside him. Snout's face was pale with terror. His voice was little more than a squeak as he gasped, "No, no! Let me off. It'll explode."

"What'll explode?" asked Jake, casually.

"The gunpowder. Under that canvas. We'll both get blown to kingdom come."

"Nonsense," retorted Jake. "You must be trying to throw a scare into me. I've driven many loads of gunpowder miles and miles and never knew it to explode yet. You've got to think of a better joke than that if you want to scare me."

Snout struggled desperately to leap from the wagon, but Jake Purly's grip held firm.

In his fear, in his confusion, he decided the only hope for his life would be to tell Jake everything.

"It's not a joke," he wailed. "I wanted to kill you. I put a fuse to the gunpowder. I lit it. It'll blow any minute now. It'll send us both to kingdom come if we don't get out of here. Hurry!"

Jake pulled the reins hard and hauled at the brake. In that second, while his hands were busy, Snout half leaped, half fell from the wagon. Jake pounced after him like a cat and when he saw the gun in Snout's hand, Jake's right fist shot forward and sent both gun and man sprawling in the dust.

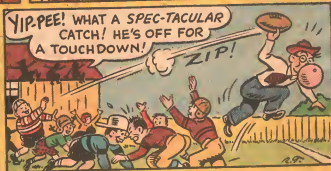
When Snout recovered, he was in the hands of the sheriff, charged with attempted murder and endangering life and property.

"You see," Jake was explaining, "the minute I hopped on the wagon seat I could smell that burning fuse. I saw it loose, naturally. Then I decided to return the team and wagon to Snout and see what would happen."

"But how, how did you know it was me?" wailed Snout.

"YOU sort of left your calling card," asserted the tall man in the milk-white hat. He pointed at the wagon bed. Lying there was a partly smoked, black, thin cigar.

THE END



WHEN IT COMES TO BLOWING BUBBLES, FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE CAN'T BE BEAT!

PUT MORE OPPORTUNITY IN YOUR FUTURE...  
BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS REGULARLY!



REMEMBER: DON'T SAVE WHAT'S LEFT AFTER SPENDING! SPEND WHAT'S LEFT AFTER SAVING!

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

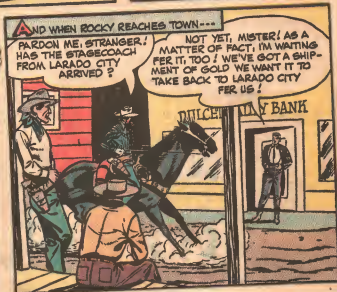
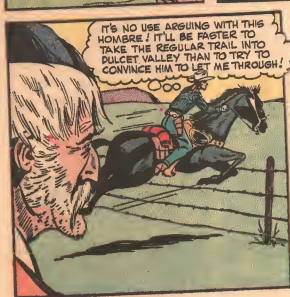
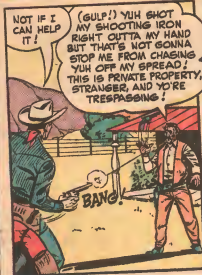
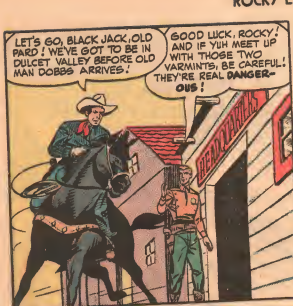
# Rocky Lane

and "THE HERMIT OF THE HILLS!"

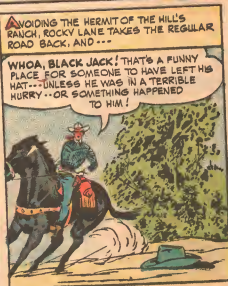
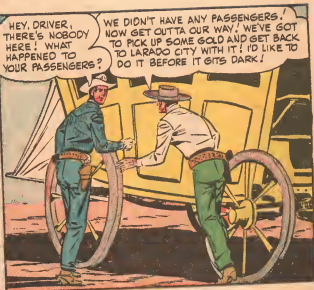
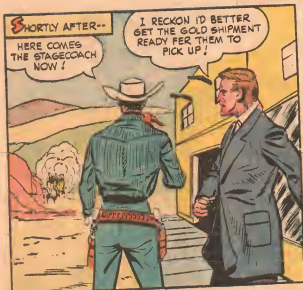


Was the Hermit of the Hills just a grumpy old man or was he a clever accomplice of a couple of savage highwaymen? That's only part of the mystery. Secret Marshal, ROCKY LANE, has to unravel before he can solve the case of the missing stagecoach and the stolen gold shipment!





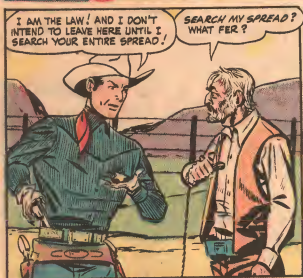












**B**UT WHILE ROCKY LANE WAS SEARCHING THE RIGHT HALF OF THE HERMIT'S RANCH, HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY SEE BROADY AND RICKS SNEAK ONTO THE SPREAD FROM THE LEFT, AND AS THE HERMIT ENTERS HIS RANCH HOUSE--





REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

# Rocky Lane

and

# THE TRAIL'S END!

"AND THE WARDEN SENT ME TO FIND YER ROCKY. THE MOMENT HE SUSPECTED THE PRISONERS WERE GOING TO TRY TO MAKE A BREAK."

IT LOOKS AS IF THEY'RE DOING MORE THAN TRYING! THEY'RE BREAKING OUT ALREADY!



One day, in the hills of Wyoming....

AFTER WE TIED UP THE WARDEN LIKE YER SAID, SQUELCH, IT WAS EASY BREAKING OUTTA THE PRISON!

WERE NOT FREE YET! HERE COMES ANOTHER GUARD AND I RECKON THERE'S A LIKELY CHANCE WITH HIM. FROM NOW ON, EVERYONE'S ON HIS OWN! WE'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE IF WE SPREAD OUT!



SO AFTER THAT ONE WARDEN! I'LL TRY TO GET THESE OUTTIES BEFORE THEY GET A CHANCE TO SPREAD OUT!



I'VE GOT THEM! AS SOON AS THE GUARD GETS BACK THE WARDEN PRISONER, WE'LL TAKE THEM ALL INDEED AND HAND THEM OVER TO THE WARDEN!



BUT SQUENCH ISN'T SO EASILY CAUGHT....

NOW WHERE COULD HE  
HAVE GONE? I SAW HIM  
HEADING THIS WAY.



ENTERED...

THE PRISONERS  
ARE BACK IN THEIR  
CELLS, ROCKY....  
THANKS TO YOU!  
AND YOU CAN REST  
ASSURED THEY  
WON'T BE  
GETTING  
FREE AGAIN!

GOOD, WARDEN.  
NOW I'M GOING  
TO SEE IF I CAN  
FIND ANY TRACE  
OF THE ESCAPED  
THANKS TO YOU!  
CORRECT, SQUENCH.

GOOD LUCK,  
ROCKY. I WON'T  
FEEL ALL RIGHT  
UNTIL I'VE OUCH  
HIS SKIN!  
WELL, MY PRISON  
HE GOT AWAY.



TWO WEEKS LATER, AT THE CHIEF  
MARSHAL'S HEADQUARTERS...

--AND SO FAR I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE  
TO PICK UP A SINGLE TRACE OF  
SQUENCH. IT'S AS IF HE SNAP-  
PEARED  
INTO  
THEM  
AIR.

DON'T WORRY, ROCKY! IT  
MAY TAKE TIME, BUT WE'LL GET  
HIM! MEANTIME, DROP THIS  
CASE AND GO OVER TO  
SALSA CITY. TED SQUENCH, THE  
CHIEF, NEEDS THE HELP OF  
A SECRET  
MARSHAL.



AT SALSA CITY...

...AND DURING THE  
LAST WEEK, ROCKY, SEVERAL OF  
THE AGENTS AT THE SALSA HOTEL  
HAVE BEEN ROBBED OF BIG  
SUMS OF MONEY WHILE THEY WERE  
ASLEEP AT NIGHT. THE LAST  
ROBBERY WAS PULLED JUST LAST  
NIGHT.

DON'T YOU HAVE ANY  
IDEA WHO MIGHT BE  
PULLING THESE JOBS?



QUICK, GET OFFER SOME!  
I DON'T WANT THAT CRITTER,  
SQUENCH. TUN SEE YOU  
TALKING TO ME? HE'S THE ONE  
I SUSPECT. HE NEVER WORKS,  
BUT HE ALWAYS HAS BIG SUMS  
OF MONEY ON HIM.

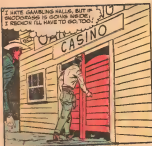
I SEE WHY YOU WANTED  
A SECRET MARSHAL.  
TED! SINCE HE  
KNOWS YOU, HE'S  
ON HIS GUARD WHEN  
HE SEES YOU...

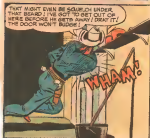


...BUT SINCE HE DOESN'T KNOW ME,  
I'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF CATCHING  
HIM... IF HE'S SLEUTY!

CORRECT, ROCKY!  
GOOD LUCK!









LATER, AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE...

GREAT GUNS, ROCKY! I JUST HEARD THAT SQUELCH CONFESSED TO THE HOTEL ROBBERIES AND TO PURSUING SMOODGRASS FOR THE EXACT REASON'S YOU FIGURED OUT!



AFTER SMOODGRASS DISCOVERED HIS IDENTITY, SQUELCH HAD FORCED HIM TO ROB THE GUESTS TO PAY HIM BLACKMAIL. FINALLY, HE DECIDED THE BEST THING TO DO WOULD BE TO KILL SMOODGRASS, THINKING HE WOULD BE SAFE AFTER THAT...



...BUT THAT'S WHAT YOU CANSE IN!

I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO EITHER DO, CHIEF, THAN PURSUE LAW AND ORDER!





-Hi Fellows! The **NEW**

# LIONEL TRAINS

Catalog is Ready



**SEE THE NEW  
DIESEL LOCOS-  
and the marvelous  
DIESEL SWITCHER**

Boy!—I'll bet you and dad are planning a new and bigger LIONEL Railroad for this Christmas! Lots of new LIONEL locos, cars, and accessories to choose from! You know, boys, nobody but LIONEL gives you true railroad realism. The new 1949 catalog tells all about the famous LIONEL smoke puffing locos, the built-in real R.R. whistles, and the sensational Lionel Electronic Railroad. LIONEL Train Sets priced from as little as \$19.95.

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Madison Square Station, New York 10, New York

I enclose 10c. Please send me the new 40-page,  
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THE CASE OF THE  
80 YEAR OLD CLIMB

DETECTIVE SAM SPADE IS INVESTIGATING A KIDNAPPING. HIS ONLY CLUE IS THE RANDOM NOTE WRITTEN ON A PIECE OF WALLPAPER.

I'VE NEVER BEEN THIS FAR FROM MY BOTTLE OF WALPOLOT CREAM-ON, BARRY! QUIET NOW!

WHY SAM... I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU WITH YOUR HAIR DOWN BEFORE!

COLUMBIA HOMEVIDEO

Adventures of  
**SAM SPADE**

Featured guest who plays Sam Spade in "The Adventures of Sam Spade" on CBS Sunday evenings was Sam Barlow with Vincent Price in "Calamity Jane Meets Sam Spade," a Universal International picture in production.



HERE, SAM—GET IT AT THE CORNER DRUG STORE

HOLD IT, FELLOWS! I CAN'T LOOK LIKE A HERO WITH-OUT WALPOLOT CREAM-ON ON MY HAIR.

HOW DID YOU EVER SUSPECT THAT OLD HOUSE, SAM?

JUST A HUNCH! THAT RANDOM NOTE WAS WRITTEN ON 80 YEAR OLD WALLPAPER AND THAT OLD (SAVY) MANSION HAS BEEN CLOSED SINCE 1900.



SAM SPADE SAYS:

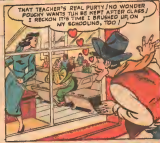
GIVE YOUR HEAD A PASS THE  
FRANKENHAIR TEST?

TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD IF YOU FIND SCALPS OF GRASSHOPPER AND LOOSE, LOOSE Dandruff! YOU NEED WALPOLOT CREAM-ON HAIR TONIC, NON-ALCOHOLIC—CONTAINS SOOTHING LAMOLIN.

LOW AS  
**25¢**  
NEARLY 100

SPADE SAYS:

WANT TO GET A LOT OF WALPOLOT CREAM-ON FOR QUICK GROOMING AND FOR RELIEVING DRESSING BETWEEN PERMANENT WIGS? FIND IT WONDERFUL FOR TRAINING CHILDREN'S HAIR.



1 AFTER SCHOOL....



FOCUS ME, MAM, BUT I STATED BEFORE TUN ASK YUH TUN DO TUN THE SQUARE DANCE TONIGHT WITH ME!

HOLD ON, FOUCHY! IF SHE'S ASKING TUN A SQUARE DANCE, IT WON'T BE WITH A SQUAREHEAD LIKE YUH!

SHE'LL GO WITH ME! GET THE POINT?

OOOF!

I DON'T KNOW WHICH I'LL GO WITH YET! IF YOU'LL DROP AROUND TO MY HOUSE AFTER DINNER, I'LL LET YOU KNOW MY CHOICE!

2 SHORTLY AFTER....



IF I WANT TUN MAKE A BETTER IMPRESSION THAN FOUCHY ON THE SCHOOLMARM, I RECKON I SHOULD GET A NEW SUIT!

(GRRR) FOUCHY'S JUST BOUGHT A NEW OUTFIT, TOO! NOW I'LL HAVE TUN THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE TUN DO AFTER I BUY MEH DUPS!



I'VE GOT IT! I'LL BUY SOME ITCHING POWDER AND SPREAD IT ALL OVER FOUCHY'S NEW SUIT BEFORE HE GETS A CHANCE TUN PUT IT ON! WHEN HE STARTS SCRATCHING HIMSELF IN FRONT OF THE TEACHER, SHE'LL SURELY GO TUN THE DANCE WITH ME!



3 AFTER....



IT'S A LUCKY THING FOUCHY'S NOT AROUND OR I'D NEVER HAVE BEEN ABLE TUN SPRINKLE THIS ITCHING POWDER OVER HIS CLOTHES SO EASILY!

4 BUT AT THE SAME TIME.....



I RECKON THE IDEA OF SPRINKLING ITCHING POWDER ALL OVER SUM FOUCHY'S NEW SUIT IS POWERFUL BRIGHT! WHEN HE STARTS SCRATCHING HIMSELF IN FRONT OF THE SCHOOL MARM, SHE'LL GO OUT WITH ME!









PHOTO BY GARY LEE

# ROPING'N' RIDING

With



4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.  
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

## HONKY "POOHNS"

GETTING TO SAY HELLO EVERY MONTH IS KINDA LIKE GETTING TOGETHER AROUND THE OLD CHUCK WAGON FIRE AFTER THE DAY'S WORK IS DONE, OR WASSA GETTIN' ON THE CORRAL FENCE BACK OF THE BUNKHOUSE FOR THE SHAPPING OF A FRIENDLY WORD AND A GRIN.

BUSTING LOOSE WITH A GRIN NOW AND THEN CAN BE MIGHTY HELPFUL IN GETTING ALONG WITH FOLKS SOME-TIMES. THERE'S AN OLD POEM THAT FLIES AROUND THE RAIL ON THE HEAD THAT IT'D LIKE TO PASS ALONG TO YOU. IT GOES LIKE THIS—"FIRST ONE SNALES AN THEN ANOTHER AND SOON THERE'S RULES AN' RULES OF SNALES." AND SINCE A GRIN ISN'T ANYTHING BUT A SNALE LET OUT A BIT, I RECKON THAT SOME FOR GRINS, TOO! THE IDEA CAN CATCH ON LIKE A FOREST FIRE AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, EVERYBODY IS JOINING RIGHT ALONG WITH YOU.

OUT WEST HERE, PAROS, WHEN A NEW COMMAND MOVES IN, THE OTHER FELLOWS MAKE IT A POINT TO EXTEND A "HONKY" AND MAKE HIM ONE OF THE GANG. AFTER ALL, A HONKY IS PART OF THE WEST AS MUCH AS BLAZIN' SIX-WORD AND HORSES. BLACK JACK KNOWS THE MEANING OF A GRIN AND KNOWS IT IN HIS OWN WAY WHEN HE MEETS A NEW HORSE OR WHEN A NEW HORSE IS ADDED TO OUR CORRAL. HE RUBS HIS NOSE NEXT TO THE OTHER HORSE'S NOSE AND MEANS TO LET HIM KNOW HE WANTS TO BE FRIENDLY. AND THAT'S GOOD SENSE TO ME.

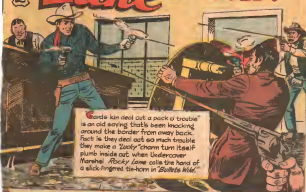
WELL, PAROS, RECKON BLACK JACK AND I'D BETTER BE RAMBLIN' DOWN THE TRAIL, SO, ADIOS TILL OUR NEXT BONDUP IN THIS MAGAZINE. LET ME HEAR FROM YOU—AND KEEP WEARING THAT GOOD OLD GRIN.

YOUR PALE,

*Allan Rocky Lane*  
ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE  
AND  
BLACK JACK



# REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR **Rocky Lane** **BULLETS WILD!**



"Cards kin deal out a pack o' trouble" is an old saying that's been knocking around the border from away back. Fact is they deal out so much trouble they make a 'Rocky' 'chorn turn itself plumb inside out when Undercover Marshal Rocky Lane calls the hand of a slick-fingered tie-horn in *Bullets Wild!*

**ROCKY LANE**, LION-HEARTED YOUNG UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, DOES HIS AN OLD FRIEND DOWN TEXAS WAY...

HOWDY, SOUTHERN! I WAS DRIFTIN' BY AND THOUGHT I'D DROP IN A PEARL THE TIME OF DAY WITH YOU! STILL, ALKING YOUR NAME, EN?

**ROCKY LANE:** BLESS YOUR COUNTRY HIDE! IT SHORE IS GOOD TUN CLAP EYES ON YER! COME IN AN' GET!

YER! THEY SHORE SLAPPED THE RIGHT BRAND ON ME WHEN THEY CALLED ME "SOUTHERN"! RECK IT'S THE BEST NAME OF THEM ALL BECAUSE THERE AIN'T NO SAMPERS TUN IT!

YOU'VE GOT A MIGHTY GOOD POINT THERE, OLD TIKER!

HEH, HEH! THAT'S RIGHT! HOW ABOUT A BESS O' BEACH THEY'RE ABOUT DONE!

LOOK OUT THERE! YOU'RE SPILLIN' THE BEANS!







# ROCKY LANE WESTERN





WELL IN  
TRANSITION  
DO YOU MEAN  
SAYING IN  
HERE, LIKE  
THAT AND  
SPOILING MY  
GAME?

SORRY, SOLITAIRE,  
BUT I AM, TO  
HAVE A CLOSE  
LOOK AT THOSE  
CARDS.



JUST  
AS I  
THOUGHT,  
THESE  
CARDS  
ARE  
MARKED!

MARKED CARDS?  
WHY, THAT'S THE  
DECK YOU GAVE  
ME! WHERE DO  
YOU GET THEM?



I GOT  
THEM AT THE  
CLAWIN'  
EAGLE  
SALOON  
WHERE I'M  
GONE FROM  
HERE AS  
SOON AS I  
GET DONE  
MEMORING  
THESE  
MARKS!

ME--HONEST OL'  
SOLITAIRE, PLAYING  
WITH MARKED  
CARDS! TON-TCH!  
NEVER THOUGHT I'D  
LIVE TO SEE  
THE DAY!



A WIGHTY SLYCK SWINDLE! FOSING AS A CARD  
SALESMAN, BEHIND A BEARF AND SELLING  
MARKED CARDS, THEN SWAYING HIS WHIS-  
KERS OFF AND GOING BACK OVER  
HIS TRAIL, AND GAMBLING IN  
THE PLACES USING HIS  
CARDS. WIGHTY, WIGHTY  
SLYCK---BUT NOT SLYCK  
ENOUGH!



AND SOON---

NOW TO GET  
IN THAT GAME  
AND SHOW THAT  
TIN-HORN UP  
AFTER I WIN  
BACK MYNIE!  
NOTED HE WAS  
CHEATED OUT  
OF!



THAT CLEARS ME OUT!  
I'M PLUMB RUINED!

WE CAN'T ALL WIN!  
THAT'S THE END OF  
THE GAME I RECKON!



NOT GISTE, STRANGER!  
RECKON I'LL TAKE A  
HAND!

ER, RE, SHORE!  
HEH, HEH! WHY NOT?

HAH!  
ANOTHER  
BUCKER!

ABLE TO READ THE CARDS AS WELL AS THE SYNDLER, ROCKY LANE COULD PREDICT EVERY ADVANTAGE TO FORCE THE TIE-HORN'S HAND...

"IT'LL COST YOU FIVE STACKS OF BLUES TO WIN."

"HI-HE'S UNCANNY! IT'S ALMOST AS IF HE CAN READ THE CARDS, 'COOK KNOWS EVERY TIME HE'S GOT TO BE NEXT."

"ER, YOU WIN! TAKE THE POT. ON THROUGH."



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, ARE YOU A GUTTER? I'LL STAKE ALL MY WINNINGS AGAINST THOSE NOTES YOU HOLD ON ATRISH RANCH. ONE HAND--WINNER TAKES ALL!"

"GOSH, THE STRANGER SURE HAS PLUCKY OF NERVE!"

"ER, ALL RIGHT! IT'S MY DEAL!"



"A KING IS THE TOP CARD-----SIVINGS ARE THE WINNING HAND. (IN WATCHING HIM LIKE A HAWK JUST IN CASE HE TRIES SOMETHING!"

"A KING IS THE TOP CARD. IF I GIVE IT TO HIM, HE'LL WIN THE POT. I'LL SLIP HIM A CARD OFF THE BOTTOM OF THE DECK!"



"A SIX-SPOT FOR YOU AND A KING FOR ME: I WIN!"

"NOT SO FAST, STRANGER! I SWAN YOU SLIP THAT CARD FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE DECK!"



"SUDDENLY, THE SHARP BARK OF A CONCEALED SLINGS DESIGNER SHATTERS THE SILENCE FOLLOWING NO ROCKY'S CHARGE OF CHEATING."

"I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT!"



"TRY USING A DERRINGER ON ME, WILL YOU? YOU SWAN TIE-HORN!"

**CRACK!**

"UGH!"

"YOU CAN'T PROVE I CHEATED!"

"THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG! EVERY DECK OF CARDS HERE IS MARKED... WITH YOUR MARKS! THE SAME CARDS YOU SOLD THE PLACE A WHILE AGO!"







# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



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The one you can't knock  
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and rigidity.



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and wood  
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Gives you most of everything

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GIRLS!**

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MOTA!**

SOUNDS LIKE A  
REAL MOTORCYCLE

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CHUGGA  
CHUGGA  
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CHUGGA  
CHUGGA



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ARE THE BEST THINGS  
I EVER TASTED!**

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